



CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR.

BINKS HAS BEEN DRAGGED ROUND THE STORES FIVE TIMES ALREADY. MRS. B. SAYS THEY MUST GO ROUND ONCE MORE, "IN CASE WE 'VE OVERLOOKED ANYTHING, MY DEAR!"

PRO JOSEPHO.

(By Mr. Punch's Vagrant.)

["Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is not a diplomatist." *Times.*]

OF CHAMBERLAIN a song I sing,
Of whom much ill is spoken;
They say he shatters everything
That can by chance be broken.
To France he fills a heady cup
Of over-bold defiance,
And breaks our Yankee friendship up
By casting it alliance.

The Germans, too, I understand,
If they are rightly quoted,
The proffered Chamberlainian hand
With deep aversion noted.
Their lengthy words they do not mind
When JOSEPH is indicted—
Oh, it must make a proud man wince
To find himself so slighted!

Since no one therefore speaks for JOE,
I feel that I must do it.
Defence is not my line; just so;
Yet am I driven to it.
Dead sets I cannot bear to see,
And, oh delight! who knows if
Great JOSEPH might not smile on me,
If I speak up for JOSEPH.

In him what qualities are mixed,
Good temper and discretion,
The pleasant speech by which is fixed
The friendliest impression;
Good humour, courtesy and wit,
That has of gall no tincture,
The chivalry that seems to hit
Except above the cincture!

With temper patient to unloose
The knots that others tangle,

He never seems to have a use
For jar or score or wrangle.
He proves through every turn and twist
How blest a fate awaits men
Who join the state of humourist
To all that makes them statesmen.

Strange, is it not (like Mr. STEAD
I put my points politely),



PLEASE SEND ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS TO
LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION: HEADQUARTERS,
5, GREAT JAMES STREET, BEDFORD ROW, W.C.

NO ROOM TO LIVE.

["The L. C. C. are considering the housing problem."—*Daily Paper.*]

THEY ses as they 're consid'rin', is our friends the L. C. C.,
Wot they calls the 'ousin' problem, which it's time they wos,

ses we,
For there ain't no self-respectin' pig in Christendom nor Rome
As wouldn't turn 'is snout up at the sty wot we calls 'ome.

The hatmusfear! Why, s'elp me! 'ave yer travelled by them
trines

Wot 's run for workmen's benefits by philanthropic lines,
Wiv six a-side an' 'arf-a-dozen trampin' on yer feet?

Well, that 's the kind of hatmusfear wot wraps our slumbers sweet.

There 's me, Sir, an' the missus, not to speak of them there brats
Wot shares wiv two more famerlies the hattie an' the rats,
An' glad enough ter get it, though the slites is mostly horf,
Which it 's 'ealthy for consumptives wot 'as got a chronic corf.

It ain't the plice as I would choose, but wot 's a chap to do?
An' when the other famerlies takes in a lodger too,
An' when the lodger 'e gets drunk, why then, it seems to me,
It 's time they took the problem up, our friends the L. C. C.

A TALE OF SEVERAL TUBS.—"The Seizure of Unwholesome
Fruit" effected by the chief sanitary inspector THOMAS has prob-
ably prevented several very violent "seizures" which would
have followed on the consumption of this "pernicious stuff."
It is, indeed, a case where prevention is a hundred times better
than cure, and, indeed, in some instances, cure might have
been impossible.

THE STATUE OF OLIVER CROMWELL.—It only cost England one
sovereign. OLIVER thought the sovereign a bad 'un, and was
sharp enough to insist on having full change.

What a "lightning artist" is a dentist! In less than a
minute he paints the gum, and draws the tooth! Wonderful!

An Emperor should turn a head
That seemed screwed on so tightly?
That one night of the royal smile
Of our moustachioed WILLY
Should make so very 'cute a file
Turn almost soft and silly?

We do not know, we cannot say;
We are but humble mortals;
We never trod the scarlet way
Through Windsor's gilded portals.
We have not felt the subtle fumes
That dim each courtier's eye, Sir,
Who stands within the private rooms
Of Deutschland's sacred KAISER.

If, speaking in a kindly voice,
A Kaiser came and met us,
The shock that made our hearts re-
joice
Might possibly upset us.
If, casting etiquette aside,
He grasped our hand and shook it,
The insult might not wound our pride;
I fancy we should brook it.

And so we cannot much impeach,
We should not even pester,
The KAISER's friend who made a speech
Some days ago at Leicester.
His words are innocent of vice,
Who, with a courtly kootoo,
Has drunk the milk of Paradise,
And fed on honey dew too.

If JOSEPH, therefore, was not meek,
But haughty and unbending,
And spoke as pots to kettles speak,
Of manners and their mending;
If he embraced the U.S.A.
With ardour too ecstatic,
Remember this is JOSEPH's way,
Who is not diplomatic.



Seymour Chas.

DISILLUSIONED!

WHAT THEY THOUGHT TOMMY WAS,

AND WHAT THEY FIND HE IS.

ETHEL AND HER GOVERNESS.

(A story for Girls—quite the latest pattern.)

WITH a heavy heart ETHEL strayed into the garden, where she found her brother making a catapult.

"TOM," she said, "I come to you for sympathy. True, I am eleven while you are a full year younger. Yet surely you will understand. Like most girl heroines in the modern gift-book for children, I am misunderstood, TOM,—crucely, deeply misunderstood."

"You look a bit cheap," said her brother. "Too much Turkish delight, I suppose?"

"Nay," answered ETHEL, with a patient smile; "'tis my environment that irks me; most of all, it is the companionship of that crude Miss WAGTAIL, forced upon me by our unthinking parents. Two dreadful hours have I endured with her this very afternoon!"

"She gave you beans?" enquired her brother, with interest.

"She gave me dates—sordid, unimportant dates. As if any cultured being at my age could care for such things! Imperiously—harshly, even—she demanded the year of WILLIAM the Conqueror. 'Dear lady,' quoth I, 'pray seek it for yourself in that history book, which is too dull to be inaccurate.' But the stupid creature insisted, and so, willing to humour her odd fancy, I suggested 1815. And then her language became more coarse, more intemperate than before!"

"She can jaw," TOM admitted; "but jawing don't hurt anybody."

"Then I was sent to practise—scales, exercises, all the dull conventions of ordinary music. With a gesture of disgust I flung the things into the fireplace. And then I called in the aid of true, untrammelled music to express the feelings of my soul. I jammed down the loud pedal, shut my eyes, and struck as many notes as I could cover with the palms of both hands. Oh, the dear discords that arose! But at the end of two minutes, Miss WAGTAIL came rushing upstairs and bade me cease. Soon I shall have to go for a walk with her—to listen to her dreary commonplaces about ridiculous things. And all my efforts to lift her soul to more cultured interests seem vain!"

There was a moment's silence, during which TOM looked curiously at his sister.

"I say," he asked at last, "do you always talk like this nowadays?"

"Invariably," said ETHEL. "Don't you remember that I have my duty to do as the heroine of a modern book for girls? I could continue to discuss Miss WAGTAIL in the same way for hours more. The reader will see that I have a wonderfully delicate and artistic soul, and that nobody understands me—not you, nor our parents, and Miss WAGTAIL least of all. Therefore I am an excellent example for the girls who study my career, who will assume at once that they too are misunderstood, and will become horrible little prigs in consequence. In the last chapter, of course, I shall die. My death-scene will be chock-full of the richest pathos. For then you will understand at last, you will reproach yourselves bitterly, and with a sweet, weary smile I shall forgive you. That chapter will be headed 'Too Late,' and there will be a row of asterisks at the end."

"Well, I'm jiggered!" said TOM.



IN THE ARTIST'S ROOM.

Potzlausend. "MY FRIEND, IT IS KOLOSSAL! MOST REMARK-WORTHY! YOU REMIND ME ON RUBINSTEIN; BUT YOU ARE BETTER AS HE."

Pianist (pleased). "INDEED! HOW?"

Potzlausend. "IN DE BERSBIRATION. MY FRIEND RUBINSTEIN COULD NEVER BERSHIRE SO MOCH!"

ANTICIPATIONS.

DAPHNE—while the sad old year
Hurries onward to its waning,
And the choking fogs appear,
And dark days of dreary raining—
Deign to lend a pitying ear
To my querulous complaining.

Others round me, young and old,
Look with joy to Christmas nearing,
Scorn its threats of fog and cold;
I, their joyous forecasts hearing,
Wondering, its approach behold
With foreboding and with fearing.

To bazaars the crowds, anon,
Hasten, bent their gifts on buying,
Wearily the crowds I con,
Listlessly the treasures eying,
Then at length I wander on,
Discontented, sad and sighing.

Ah! no scorn in you, nor pride,
(Who so true, from prince to peasant?)
Make me thus dissatisfied
With what all beside hold pleasant,—
Only this—I can't decide
What to send you as a present. . . .



THE GREAT MR. JORROCKS HAVING COMPARED FOX-HUNTING TO WAR WITH ONLY TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT. OF THE DANGER, OUR FRIEND SLOWMAN (THUS INSPIRED) HAS VENTURED UPON TWO GUINEAS' WORTH OF THE CHEAPER GLORY, AND IS, JUST NOW, WONDERING WHAT THE DOOC'E IT FEELS LIKE WHEN YOU 'VE GOT TO FACE THE WHOLE HUNDRED PER CENT. RISK!

ATMOSPHERICAL PSYCHOLOGY.

["A learned doctor of philosophy, in America, has compiled a book proving conclusively that the reason why man is froward in all his ways may be found in the state of the weather."—*Daily Paper*.]

As a common or garden excuse,
Heredity's fully played out,
IBSEN's motif has gone to the deuce,
Without any manner of doubt;
Now the notion is certainly rum,
Just aired by this clever Yankee,
For all morals have by it become
A matter of weather, you see!

Lo, 'tis patent to me and to all,
This opens a vista sublime
Of excuses on which one may call,
When reaching one's home—after time.
"Dearest love" (storm-cone hoisted for
gales!)
"I beseech you not coldly to frown,
But my bump of locality fails
When the glass at all quickly goes
down."

Should you happen to borrow a loan
(Such a thing has, I fancy, been done,
Its return is less frequently known,
Which provides needy jesters with fun),
Wind and weather permitting, you trust—
On the chart is your character pinned—
To repay what you owe; yet it must
Be a question of "raising the wind."

As a would-be smooth writer of lines,
I ought to apologize here
For the constant recurrence of nines,
Which renders my metre so queer;
Since my stanzas they should run, nine-
eight,

Yet the fog on my "gas" makes demand,
Thus my metre increases in rate;
'Tis the weather, you quite understand!

MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM.



THE NATAL LOCUST.

Remarkable specimen of a migratory Locust (*Locusta Joubertoria*) at present swarming and doing much damage in Her Majesty's Colony of Natal. Effectual efforts are now in progress to drive the intruders to their place of origin beyond the river Vaal.

PRECIOUS POEMS.

I.—ODE TO A BLACKBEETLE.

HAIL! simple-minded cockroach
That wanders on the stairs,
Forgive me if with heedless foot
I crush thee unawares.

The great black boot descending
Produces one fell pop;
An ignominious ending,
So let the curtain drop,

And let us rather study
Thy innocence and glee,
And may the lessons thou canst teach
Be eloquent for me.

It's oh to be a beetle!
I'll cling to hearth and home,
I'll cherish sedentary tastes,
And never, never roam.

But yet one awful warning
Stands out both stern and clear,
They say they bait the beetle-trap
With RASS's bottled beer.

Ridiculous elation
The harbinger of death,
In mild intoxication
Each beetle yields its breath!

How sweet to be a cockroach
That shuns the flowing bowl!
Be that my soft ambition and
My ever-glorious goal.

INCORRECT DESCRIPTION.—Mrs. Doddler. Well, why they should call them battle-fields "the seat of war" passes my understanding. There ain't much sitting about as far as I can gather. It's more like what my son calls "a stand-up fight."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

OPPORTUNELY at a time when the country is at fever heat of warlike patriotism, SMITH, ELDER bring out the story of the great war that ravaged the Continent between the years 1793 and 1815. Mr. FITCHETT has planned a work of four volumes, the first issued carrying the narrative from the Low Countries to Egypt. *How England Saved Europe* is the title of the work, a phrase based on a sentence from PITT's last public utterance, "England has saved herself by her exertions and will, as I trust, save Europe by her example." Mr. FITCHETT handles a glowing pen, and illumines as with torchlight the field on which opened PITT's long struggle with NAPOLEON. He is, my Baronite thinks, even better at sea than on land, and is certainly happier, since, if England saved Europe, it was the navy that a century ago saved England. The pluck of the British sailor, the bull-dog tenacity with which when he had got his teeth in the timbers of a French or Spanish ship he held on, is the more to his credit considering the dog's life—literally the whipped dog's life—he led on board ship.

Our Messrs. BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co. have issued a most attractively illustrated catalogue of various unique works they are offering to the public at this present time (or time for a Christmas "Present"), at such prices as would be ordinarily considered as "giving them away." But such literary and artistic treasures are—and the Baron begs to impress this as a fact on his readers—simply invaluable. So, as the butcher in the market shouts out, "Buy, buy, buy!" and as the KIPLING at the counter cries aloud, "Pay, pay, pay!"

In *The Progress of Pauline Kessler* (JOHN LONG), Mr. FREDERIC CARREL, as it seems to the Baron, having taken for his audaciously unprincipled heroine a descendant of the *Becky Sharp* stock, determined that as an adventuress she should "go one better" than her immortal Thackerayan prototype; and in placing her in a situation the unpleasantness of which is relieved by no touch of humour, he has certainly succeeded in out-beckying *Becky*. The climax of *Pauline Kessler's* progress is reached in the discovery by her divorced husband of her double-dyed and most repulsive treachery, and compared with this scene the surprisal by *Rawdon Crawley* of his wife with *Lord Steyne* is a mere interruption of a comparatively innocent flirtation. On this tableau the curtain must descend, for the author has tired of his heroine. "Out, out, brief candle!" and "then is heard no more" of *Pauline*, whose story, cleverly written as it is, aroused the Baron's interest, but as a pleasant and wholesome work it could not merit his unqualified approval. One thing is certain—it is not the genial sort of tale for "the festive season." The author is decidedly not a Christmas "CARREL."

As a practical and pleasing way of wishing people a Merry Christmas, Messrs. ROUTLEDGE have issued in one handsome volume "The Baby's Opera," "The Baby's Bouquet," and "The Baby's Own Esop," with the original designs in colour by WALTER CRANE. *Triplets* the treasure is called. In the first two parts we have all the deathless nursery rhymes, from "Girls and Boys come out to Play," to "Old King Cole was a Merry Old Soul." Every verse is set to music, mostly to tunes that have soothed centuries to sleep. "The Baby's Own Esop" is a rhymed version of the fables for which Mr. CRANE makes graceful acknowledgment to his friend and master, W. J. LINTON. Verse and music are delightful. But, after all, the pictures are the thing. Upon the book WALTER CRANE has lavished imagination, fancy, loving art, some of the daintiest and some of the boldest combinations of colour ever presented on the printed page. My Baronite says the book is far too good for the nursery, for which it is ostensibly designed. The thing to do is for fond parents to buy it, ostensibly for their loved ones, furtively convey it to their private chamber, and there gloat over its beauty. But walk up! Walk up! Fathers and mothers. There are only 500 copies of the work offered for Great Britain and Ireland.

The Baron heartily recommends *The De Willoughby Claims*, by Mrs. HODGSON BURNETT (F. WARNE & Co.), as being a most captivating story, not so much on account of the plot, which is somewhat intricate and only very gradually and grudgingly revealed, as by reason of the exceptionally refreshing character of the hero, *Tom de Willoughby*, and of the idyllic pair of lovers, *Rupert* and *Sheba*. As for the dear old faithful nigger, *Uncle Matt*, "one of the olden time," his sayings alone would be the making of a far less fascinating story. The Baron is not at all certain whether *Uncle Matt*, without whose energetic assistance the "claim" would have stood a poor chance of being



FACT.

Policeman (of "gallant" but still muzzled "Little Wales"). "MADAM, ARE YOU AWARE THAT YOUR DOG HAS NO MUZZLE?"
Lady Visitor (from unmuzzled Middlesex—triumphantly). "AH, BUT THIS IS A MIDDLESEX DOG!"

heard in the Courts, is not the real hero of the story. Perhaps the authoress will "low" that this is so.

With great perseverance, my Junior Baronitess says she has struggled to the end of MARION BOWER's book entitled *The Guests of Mine Host* (CASSELL & Co.), and comes to the conclusion that the plot is neither interesting nor original. We are introduced to a set of people residing at a free and easy hotel at La Séverie, about whom we soon learn all we care to know. Any one wishing to become acquainted with La Séverie has only to procure the book of *The Guests of Mine Host*, in which there is some bright writing that may take his fancy.

Beasts' Thumb-nail Studies in Pets (MACMILLAN & Co.), by WARDLAW KENNEDY, will be appreciated by any one taking an interest in these subjects, as it is full of valuable information—at least such is the opinion of our Assistant Baronitess.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

ANOTHER ENCORE VERSE.

["Fifty thousand plum-puddings have been sent out for the troops at the front."—*Daily Paper*.]

WHEN you've eaten Christmas pudding—when you're groaning in your grief—

When you waken with a taste about your mouth—
Will you drop a tear of pity in your little handkerchief
As you think of all those puddings ordered South?

For when the fun is over and poor TOMMY's tummy's wrecked,
A valetudinarian you'll find him,

Unable to do anything but sadly recollect
The digestion that he's been and left behind him.

Cook's son, Duke's son—(where are the rhubarb pills?)

(Fifty thousand puddings going to Table Bay!

Each of 'em doing its deadly work, and think of the doctors' bills!)

TOMMY, beware! or dearly you will pay, pay, pay!

Q. When are the affairs of a theatre likely to assume a somewhat fishy aspect?
A. When there's a Sole Lessee.



Aunt Ella. "WELL, BOBBIE, I HEAR IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY TO-MORROW. NOW WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE YOUR AUNTIE TO GIVE YOU FOR A PRESENT?"
 Bobbie. "BIG BOX O' CHOC'LATES!"
 Aunt Ella. "WELL, AND WHAT ELSE?"
 Bobbie. "'N. VVER BIG BOX O' CHOC'LATES!"
 Aunt Ella. "OH, BUT I'M AFRAID SO MANY CHOCOLATES WOULD BE TOO MUCH FOR YOUR LITTLE TUMMY. CHOOSE SOMETHING ELSE."
 Bobbie. "'NUVVER TUMMY!"

ICHABOD!

To a Lost Leader, with the condolence of Mr. Punch's Depreciator.

["The sentiments of Mr. MASSINGHAM in regard to the Boer War have compelled him to sever his connection with *The Daily Chronicle*."]

AND you are gone, we know not where!
 Vain to pursue your winged feet,
 Or guess against what balmy air
 Your rare and radiant pinions beat;
 What clime acclaims our fallen star,
 Our Little England's Avatar.

Ah! well for that most fluent pen,
 Fleet as the Street whose pride has flown;
 Most apt to win applause of men
 On any shores but England's own;
 Fresh fields it finds and pastures new—
 But what shall we poor jesters do?

Famine of Humour stalks the earth;
 In drought of Laughter droops the age;
 Scant is the mellowing rain of Mirth,
 And few the founts of Badinage;
 What shall we do, now you are gone,
 Whose wealth we used to live upon!

More punctual than the morning's post,
 That print arrived that bore your seal;
 The toothsome peer of buttered toast,
 Its charm beguiled the early meal:
 Laughter, they tell me, loud and rude,
 Makes you assimilate your food.

To gauge the pure magician's power
 I know no more exacting test;
 For at the crucial breakfast-hour
 A man is seldom at his best;
 Fodder, unless extremely light,
 Falls on his jaded appetite.

Such dainty pick-me-ups you threw
 Like largesse from a bursting store;
 As manna or the daily dew
 We took them in and asked for more;
 They filled our mouths as with a song,
 And kept us happy all day long.

It is entrancing to be taught
 At once precisely what is what;
 To know, without the need of thought,
 Just when a war is right or not;
 And whether Duty bids us beat
 The foes of Britain or of Crete.

To learn how best to shun the Pit,
 That primrose path where ROSEBURY ran;
 Which side the fence one ought to sit—
 With CAMPBELL, or with -BANNERMAN;
 Which PAUL a man should march behind,
 The METHUEN or the KRÜGER kind.

And yet 'twas not your views alone,
 (Often themselves devoid of art,)
 It was the subtle timbre or tone
 Making appeal from heart to heart;
 'Tis this that round the memory elings—
 The way in which you said the things!

I do not say that you possessed
 Even the brevity of wit;
 You never loved the conscious jest—
 At least I saw no signs of it;
 It was your deadly earnest air
 That shook the midriff past repair.

O, I have been a thankless worm!
 At times—if I may mention this—
 Your quill has sent a horrid squirm
 All down my British prejudice;
 And in my stupid haste I swore
 That you had come to be a Bore!

Why was my heart so wrongly stirred
 With floods of wrath too deep to dam?
 Why did I use a ribald word
 To rhyme with Mr. MASSINGHAM?
 Confession seems to make it worse—
 So please omit the present verse.

When I review our common past,
 The poignant bliss, the trivial ache;
 I see how recklessly you cast
 All else aside for Conscience' sake;
 If it would give that organ pain,
 I would not have you back again.

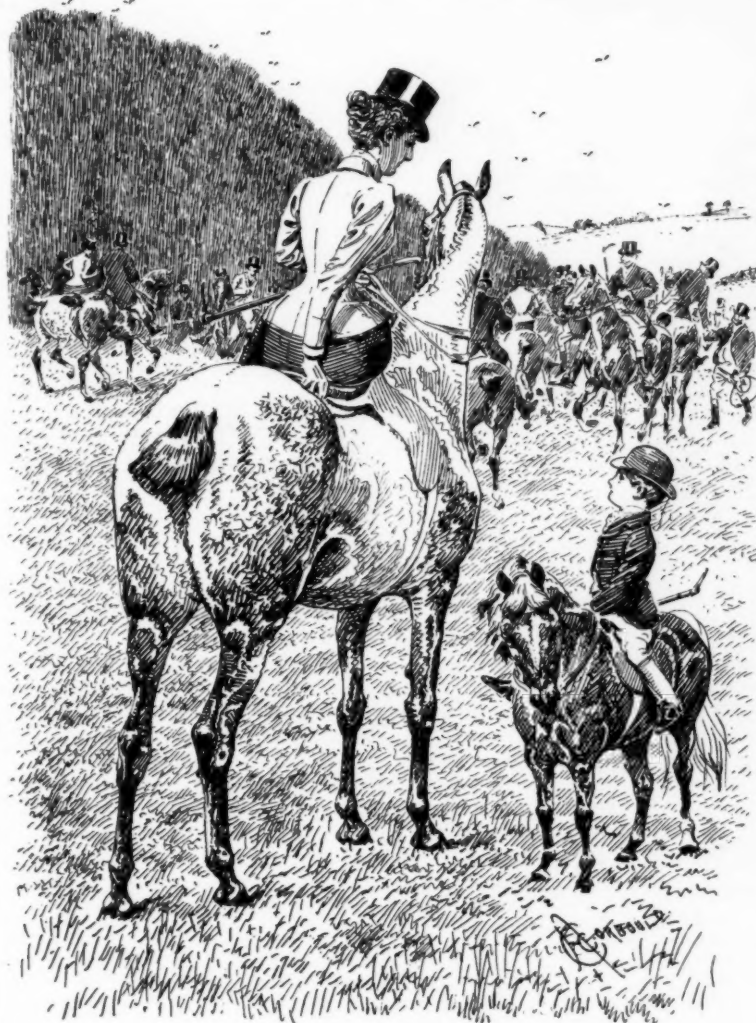
Farewell, farewell, suggestive ghost!
 Without you, how the world is strange!
 New voices rule the ancient roast,
 And Echo marks her half-penny change;
 Has every source of Humour fled?
 No, there is still our Brother STEAD!



THE MEDDLESOME BOY.

JOE (to himself). "WONDER HOW IT'S GETTING ON!"

LORD S-L-SB-RY (Head Gardener). "I DO WISH HE'D LET THINGS ALONE!"



AT A MEET.

"How is it, Tommy, that you are not piloting your little cousin this morning?"
 Tommy. "Oh! she's so troublesome at her fences. I'd divorce a woman who couldn't jump better than she can!"

THE VICTIM OF FASHION.

["This season, hair is to be worn green."—*The Hairdresser.*]

BLACK, auburn, gold
 My hair has been
 In hues of great variety,
 But now I'm told
 These shades are old,
 In fact the dyes are never sold
 In really good Society.
 One colour only is the rage,
 No other will be seen;
 In Fashion's ranks and on the stage
 This season, so declares the sage,
 The only wear is green.

Ah, cruel fate!
 Exacting pride!
 That sends me sans compassion
 To sit in state

From ten till eight
 The while the barber dyes my pate
 The shade required by Fashion.
 He'll bleach the black that once was red
 And golden. Woe betide
 The luckless owner of the head!
 Ah me! she will be worse than dead
 Or ever she is dyed.

INJUDICIOUS KINDNESS.

(Two items of news.)

From London.—Great quantities of knitted jerseys, woollen caps, thick vests, and other warm clothing suitable, sometimes, for December in England, have been sent to the army in South Africa.

From Cape Town.—The troops at the front are suffering severely from the extreme heat.

ENGLAND EXPECTS, ETC.

SCENE. *Editor's Sanctum. Editor and Sub discussing Contents Bill.*

Ed. You say we have no news?
 Sub. Absolutely none. Things appear to be at a standstill.

Ed. And yet you have got some good lines. "Signal Victory," "Enemy in Retreat," "Towns Relieved," "Siege of British Camp Raised." Surely that ought to satisfy them.

Sub. Think it's fairly good. But, dear me, I have left out a headline.

Ed. Have you? What?

Sub. I ought to have put in front of them all the word "Expected."

Ed. Oh, I see.

(Contents Bill passed.)

Alarming Intelligence.

Mrs. Smith (to Mrs. Jones). Yes, me and my 'usband 'ave resolved to boycott the Paris Exhibition, and are going to South-end instead.

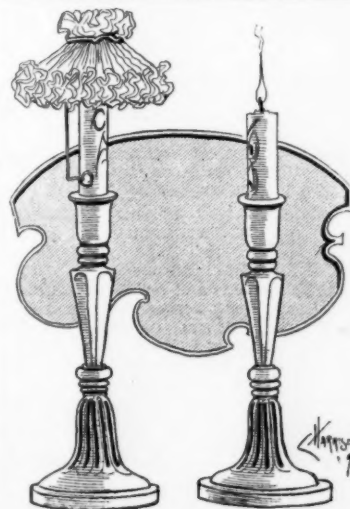
SUITABLE SPOTS.—*Pads-tow*—for ballet dancers; *Penn*—for writers; *Petworth*—for fair favourites; *Ring-wood*—for prize-fighters; *Rip-on*—for murderers; *Run-corn*—for chiropodists; *Settle*—for newly married couples; *Shrewsbury*—for viragos; *Skert-on*—for fair equestrians; *Slangham*—for perverters of the Queen's English; *Spils-by*—for steeplechasers.

WAR WHISPERS.—State-Attorney SMUTS has taken up a command in the Boer Army. This promises a black look-out for the British forces.

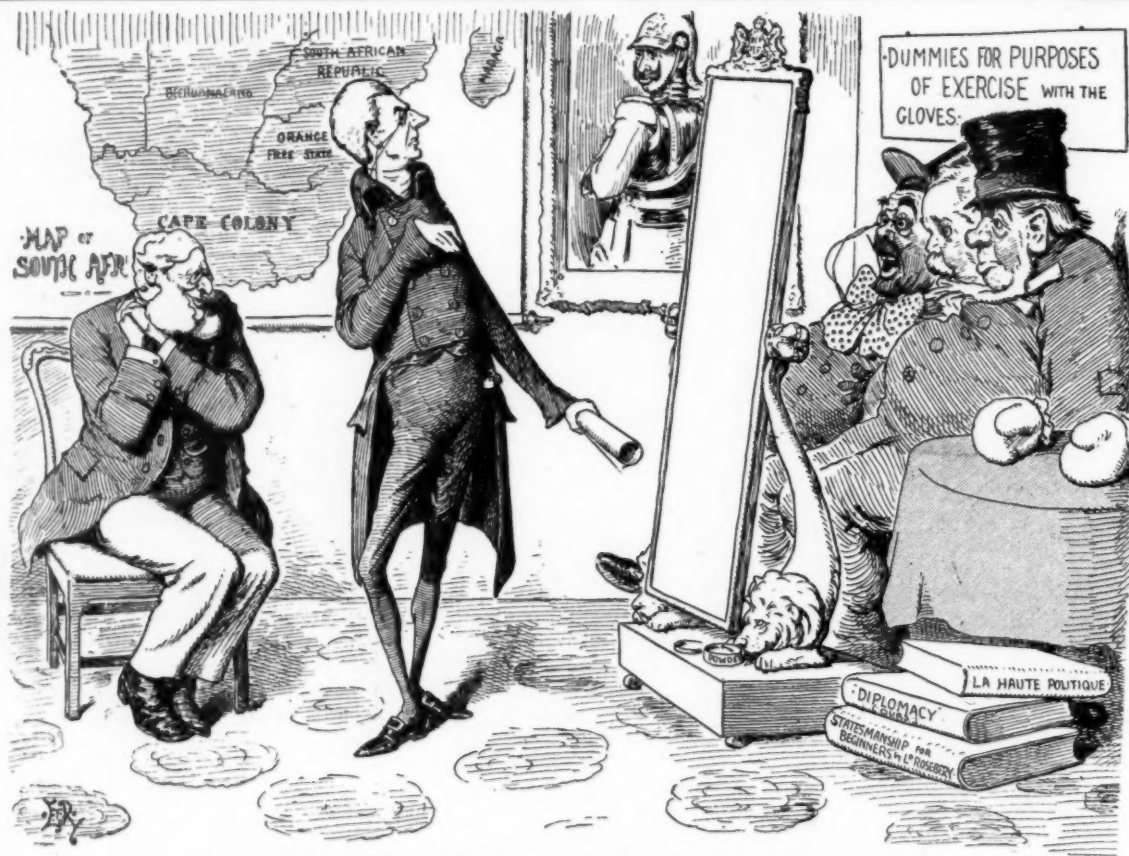
THE TWO PAULS.—Oom PAUL, who sits at home and mends the fire; Broom PAUL, who sweeps the enemy before him.

A DISH DISLIKED BY DUTCHMEN.—*Pommes de Plomb Sortie à la Mafeking.*

ARSINTE-MINDED BEGGARS.—Writers for the Parisian gutter Press.



"Oh, you needn't be so stuck up. You're only a Shade taller than I am!"



CELEBRITIES (MORE OR LESS) AT HOME. No. 1.

THE RIGHT HON. J-S-PH CH-MB-RL-N, M.P.

J-ssc C-H-ngs. "OH, JOSEPH! THE LIKENESS TO WILLIAM PITT IS REALLY AMAZING!"

J-s-ph. "AND YET, MY FAITHFUL JESSE, IF ONE MAY JUDGE BY THE EFFECT PRODUCED UPON THE WORLD, THERE WOULD SEEM TO BE SOME TRIFLE YET THAT WE HAVE OVERLOOKED!"

THE ORIGINALITY THEATRE OF VARIETIES.

Absolutely Unique Programme!
The Greatest Novelty in London!

NO PATRIOTIC SONGS.

NO WAR VERSES.

No Demands for Contributions to any Fund.

No Scramble for Money on the Stage.

No Women dressed as Soldiers.

NO REPRESENTATION OF THE HORRORS OF

THE BATTLEFIELD.

No Imitation Shells.

No Real Gunpowder.

No Performance of Rule Britannia.

Soldiers of the Queen entirely omitted.

The National Anthem reserved for better

occasions amidst better surroundings.

If you want to spend a pleasant evening,

COME HERE!

You will not have to do the greater part
of the singing, after paying for admission,
and also contributing to a fund.You will not be deafened by the howls of
others.Any person shouting, singing, or whist-
ling is at once turned out.The most complete change for those who
live within hearing of the newspapersellers, in any part of London or the
provinces.

NO YELLS!

Complete Programme.

No Diminution in the Number of Turns.

The Management has not attempted any
economy in the engagement of artists by
compelling the audience during the time
of at least one turn, to sing patriotic
songs.IMPORTANT NOTICE.—In consequence of
the great success of this entirely novel
programme, the receipts have increased
so much that the management is enabled
to devote ten per cent. of the profits,
every evening, to the Funds for the benefit
of the troops and those depending on them.

Box office open day and night.

BOOK EARLY.

Standing room only all this week.

One stall in the last row for next
Monday not yet taken. This seat can
be booked by letter or telegram.

THE WRIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

—Mr. Justice WRIGHT, who in re "In-
dustrial Contract Corporation" has re-
cently been studying, with fairly satis-
factory results, "NEWTON'S Principia."

SPORTING EVENTS FOR 1900.

(From a Fixture List made in France.)

January 1.—Fox-shooting commences.

10.—Hit-ball (cricket) is played in
armour.31.—Newspaper-chase (English game) on
motor cars begins.February 1.—Bird-shooting with horns
commences.10.—Poodles' fête-day. They are de-
corated with blue-ribbon bows.28.—Great boxé. Big weights (20 stone)
against small weights (15 stone).March 1.—Four-in-hands. Parade of
postillions driving, with owners in the
interior.10.—Kick-ball in armour (optional). All
France against a team from New Putney
(Junior Colts).31.—Minnow fishing commences with
horn accompaniment.April 1.—Commencement of the Sports
vacation.November 30.—End of the Sports vacation.
December 1.—Great flat race. English
cab-horses barred.10.—Fancy bazaar and ball of perfect
gentlemen-rider-boatsmen.

31.—Fox-shooting ends.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

By X. Y. Z.

[*New York, Dec. 2.*—Sir BROOKLYN (EAGLE), the greatest politician of the Washington Government, contradicts in the most absolute manner the existence of an entente between England, America, and Germany. He adds that there is not the smallest probability that this union has been able to be effected.

Note.—The English despatch qualifies BROOKLYN as "Eagle"—a word which has no equivalent in our political language.—*La Liberté*, Dec. 3.

It is believed that within a week the English will surrender to the Boers. A telegram from the Cape gives details of a battle at Nesniera (Egypt). Colonel WINGATE with a body of native troops utterly defeated a strong British column commanded by ARMEFDIL, killing 400 British soldiers, and taking about 300 prisoners. The news of this defeat has been badly received, and has much aggravated the situation in England.—*Union Conservadora*, Canary Islands.]

WHO says that gaiety's left the earth,
Who sighs o'er the death of humour,
While the *Liberté* lives to disseminate
mirth,
And the *Union* improves on rumour.

O let lovers of laughter at once subscribe
To these Spanish and French side-
splitters;
Let us buy up the whole international
tribe
That are tearing their rage to—titters!

Sir BROOKLYN (EAGLE) is fit to match
The Canary canard to date, or
The new-Leyds samples that daily hatch
From the Brussels incubator.

There's the Rotterdam wire "All's well,"
that meant
(In cipher) that "Ladysmith's taken";
And the Petersburg papers that represent
How "Tommy" eats Boers like bacon!

Fly round the Continent, fearful fowl,
Nightmare, from your mare's nest flutter!
Wild-goose, when your anties have made
us howl
With laughing, return to your gutter!

ESKIMO NOTES.

If we cannot go to the North Pole, the North Pole (or thereabouts) has come to us in the shape of thirty-five Eskimos with their dogs and a Polar bear, brought by Mr. TABER, of New York City, for Manager CLEARY's show at Olympia. They are not exactly Savage South Africans, but that doesn't matter, as they are charming people, high-bred (about 60° to 70° Lat. N.), polished (with seal-oil) and seasonable, with their Arctic scenery and stage-properties. They come from the well-known district of Ungava in the top left-hand corner of Labrador, and represent the important communities of the Kikertaksoaks, or Big Islanders, and the Napoklutegatsuks (Much Moss and Little Firewood), who are doubtless to be found in the Landed Gentry Guide of the Dominion of Canada. Alukmikiuk (Big Small Man) and Itak, are very good at playing seal on the floor, and in fact quite take the *Kayak* or cake for their performance, which is accomplished with great deliberation and much blowing and grunting, one being the hunter and the other the quarry. Some of the ladies are comely to a degree, and by no means



RESIGNATION.

Sylcia. "MY POOR DOLLY'S HEAD'S BEEN BROKEN OFF! BUT"—(deep sigh)—"I RAPE IT'S ALL FOR THE BEST!"

frigid in demeanour. With their orange-tawny complexion, straight black hair, and slit eyes, they are a welcome change from the Kaffirs and the Fuzziwuzzies. As none of them speak a word of English, there is small chance of the Eskimos of either sex being eloped with. "Aksunai," however, which is Labradorian for "How do you do" or "Good-bye," according to the context, produces a smile of recognition. At least, such was the experience of
ZEDWHYKES.

A MATTER OF WEIGHT.

(A Story for other Soldiers beside the Marines.)

THE recruit was introduced. He had been passed by the doctor. There was nothing wrong with his teeth, and he was right in regard to inches.

"Can you shoot straight?"

"Could when I was at school," was the prompt reply. "Won any number of prizes."

"And perhaps you know something about tactics?"

"Yes, Sir. At least I read all the military histories I could get at."

"Good character, too?"

"Think so, Sir. Taking to soldiering because my mother's lost her all, and I

want to be useful. Besides, I've always wished to follow the flag."

"Kind of fellow to get a commission!" thought the inspecting officer. "Put him in the scales."

Then the recruit underwent the ordeal. It was unsatisfactory.

"Pity!" exclaimed the inspecting officer. "He would have been worth his salt. No chance?"

"No, Sir. He's not heavy enough to satisfy the regulation by at least three ounces!"

And so there was a Tommy less than there might have been.

INTERNATIONAL ARITHMETIC PAPER.

1. Explain the Rule of Three. What would happen when all three wanted to rule at once?

2. Find the Present Worth of two repudiated understandings.

3. Extract the Cuba root of an Anglo-Saxon Alliance: divide by arbitration: what remains?

4. Given a union based solely on interest, what will be the ratio of the interest to the lack of principle?

5. Find by Practice the cost of gross caricature, and reduce the caricaturist to Vulgar Fractions.



Unappreciative Sister (to Minor Poet, speaking of his latest production).

"AND WHAT DID *THE SLASHER* SAY?"

Minor Poet. "HAD THE IMPERTINENCE TO SAY THAT IT WAS TOO GASSY!"

U. S. "BUT I THOUGHT THAT THAT WAS *THE CROAKER*'S CRITICISM?"

M. P. "OH NO! THEY SAID THAT THE METRE WAS ALL WRONG!"

U. S. "WELL, ONE MIGHT ACCOUNT FOR THE OTHER, MIGHT IT NOT?"

"STARRING" AT THE AVENUE.

THE most prejudiced adversary of the theatre would be inclined to admit that, were the moral inculcated by all stage-plays as excellent and as clearly enforced by authors and actors

as it is in the romantic comedy by Mr. RICHARD GANTHONY, entitled *A Message from Mars*, now being performed at the Avenue Theatre, the ground of his conscientious objections would have been cut from under his feet. *A Message from Mars*, reminiscent as it is of DICKENS' *Christmas Carol*, being founded on precisely the same idea brought up to date, is not only admirable in its moral teaching, but is at once the least conventional, the most naturally comic and genuinely pathetic play that has been produced within, we should be inclined to say, the last twenty years. The dramatised versions of DICKENS' Christmas books were excellent stories, but indifferent plays.

It is a piece which, we think, could be seen more than once with increasing pleasure; a compliment that can be honestly paid to very few plays, ancient or modern. What is the idea? Merely this: we have before our eyes an apparently hopelessly selfish man, who, in a dream, is converted into the most unselfish being through the agency of a supernatural messenger from Mars, who is to him what *Marley's Ghost* and the *Spirits of Past, Present, and Future* were to the miserly *Scrooge*. The chief character, *Horace Parker*, may, indeed, be fitly described as *Scrooge's* great-grandson, while his supernatural and rather clerically-preaching visitant, the missionary from the above-mentioned planet, impressively played (of course as a "star part") by Mr. G. E. TITHERADGE, bears an uncommonly strong resemblance to our old friend the Ghost in *Hamlet*, only that he has the advantage over that pedestrian apparition in possessing the power of flight, so that, without evident wings, he ascends, instead of returning below at cock-crow to that uncomfortable residence which the Shakespearian Shade so thrillingly describes. *Scrooge's* great-grandson has as rough a time of it during this vision as had his Dickensian ancestor during his; and on awaking he proves himself to be as entirely a changed character—changed of course for the better, nay for the best—as was old *Scrooge* after the departure of the last of the Spirits. Such is the bare outline of the play; but where would its success have come in without admirable acting, such as at this Theatre interprets it to the public? Where could it have been without CHARLES HAWTREY? Is there another actor, English or French, who could have played the part of haunted *Horace Parker* and made it a modern possibility? No praise can be too high for CHARLES HAWTREY in this character.

Miss BELLA BATEMAN is excellent as the aunt; and Miss JESSIE BATEMAN plays the sweet, gentle, unselfish girl to whom *Horace Parker* is betrothed, with most winsome natural grace. "Pick 'em where you like," all engaged in the piece are good, and Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS, as the starving tramp, scores for himself a record in acting and in "make-up."

Nor must the sympathetic musical accompaniment by Mr. ERNEST BUCALOSI be excluded from our hearty praise, seeing how much depends on it. The overture and selections are spirited, and contribute their quota towards the general success. How valuable is a sharp orchestral director who knows the opportune melody for the right time! Mr. GANTHONY is to be heartily congratulated on having had the good luck to be played by Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY and such able assistance.

[“Ladies are to wear their hair arranged very high on the top of the head this season.”—*Daily Paper.*]



The new style will be very charming for evening dress.

But how is the hat to be worn? This is effective, but would bring on a cold in the head.

And this way would certainly be considered "forward."

And this mode might be regarded as too retrogressive.

May our Artist therefore suggest the above as a way out of the difficulty?